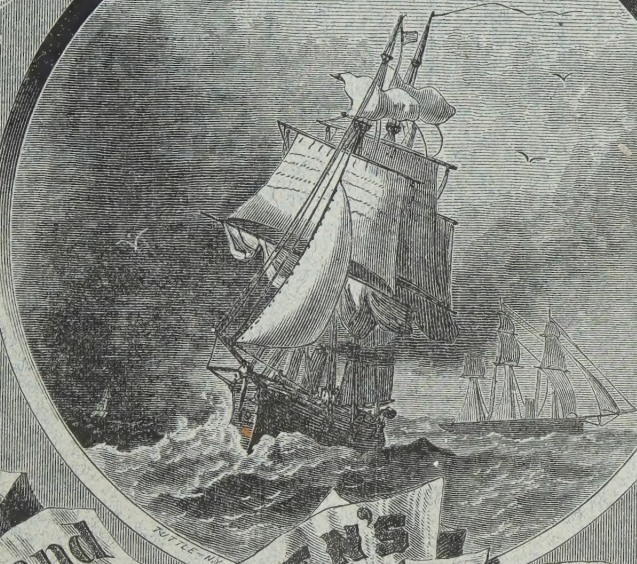


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Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

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THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF SAILORS.

As to these, few men are better qualified to speak, than Rev. C. J. JONES, D. D., long-time chaplain of the SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR at Stapleton, S. I. Himself a graduate of the forecandle, he knows whereof he affirms. We are glad to present in this issue of the MAGAZINE a portion of a paper recently prepared and read by him, in Brooklyn, N. Y., which treats, most happily, certain phases of truth that from time to time need iteration.

The subject assigned is too extensive, by far, to be embraced, with any degree of fulness, within the limits of the time allotted by this circle to the opener. If it were the rights of the sailor alone, that are to be considered, we might count them on our finger ends. But his wrongs are legion. It would be difficult either to define or to enumerate them.

The sailor is a man. His rights, therefore, are those only which pertain to all other men, in the various relations in which he stands to the family, the community in which he lives, the state and the church. The word *sailor*, in this connection, includes every one

whose duties are associated with the ship in her ocean-journeyings, both forward and aft, from the captain to the cabin-boy; and in the term *ship* is included every kind of vessel that traverses the sea, whether propelled by canvas or steam.

The rights of the sailor are modified somewhat, I admit, by the condition of semi-servitude in which he is placed, and the duties and privations which are incident to his calling. He is entitled, at least, to all that is included in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," albeit, the share of the latter, as it falls to him, does not reach its maximum. As a

parent, as a son, a brother, a husband, a citizen, his rights are often impeded by his prolonged absence from the home circle, from society at large, and from the church of God. All this is, *ipso facto*, necessary. Were it not so his very inability to enjoy his rights might be classed among his wrongs. But "necessity knows no law," therefore he can but submit, and, to his credit be it spoken, he does, for the most part, very gracefully and uncomplainingly submit. Yet his submission does not release either the community or the church from its obligations toward him. He has a right to be esteemed as a man; made, like other men, in the image of God; to be treated and respected as a man, and to be protected from his enemies by law, both while ashore and afloat. These rights, however, while he is at sea, are full often subject to the caprice or passion of a merciless official whose tyranny knows no law but that of his own brutal instincts. On shore he fares but little better, if any at all. For here he falls into the hands of a class of inhuman monsters whose only law is their own insatiable greed, and whose tender mercies are cruelty itself.

The sailor's wrongs, therefore, are unnecessarily multiplied. I have said they are legion. I might have added, they are *demoniacal*. For in some instances, at least, they are associated with a refinement of cruelty that is as much more than devilish as it is purely human, out-rivalling even a Torquemada in ingenuity, and requiring for illustration a chamber of horrors which would throw Madam Tussaud's into the shade.*

These wrongs may be briefly classified, as committed against, (1) His Person, (2) His Property, and (3) His Individual or Personal Liberty.

(1.) As to his PERSON he has been grievously wronged by a criminal neglect, to call it by no harsher name. He has been illy lodged and poorly paid and worse fed. When it is borne in mind that by the very exigencies of his calling he is in hourly peril of life and limb, that his post of duty is always in the very forefront of danger, that he is exposed to the extremes of cold and heat, to storm and tempest, and fire and wreck; that his whole life is one of painful labors and of vicissitudes, at the very mention of which the landsman shudders and turns pale; that the demands upon his physical strength and nervous energies are incessant; that he is required to work by night as well as by day, subject to a call at any moment, to which he is expected to respond promptly and to put forth herculean efforts for the safety of the ship and cargo, to say nothing of his own life and the lives of those who sail with him,—under such circumstances surely it is not asking too much when it is required that he be fitly clothed and housed and fed. And yet how often, through the neglect and covetousness of others, quite as much as through his own indiscretion, and recklessness, and improvidence,—not to say his own wickedness,—he is found to be lacking in all these essentials of safety and comfort. His clothing frequently is reduced to a minimum by fire or foundering or wreck, or his own intemperance. His food in many instances is poor in quality and insufficient in quantity to keep up his physical strength. His dwell-

* *Vide SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, vol. lvi, p. 137-8; and do. do. vol. liv, pp. 131, *et seq.*; 258-9, for record of cruelties on American ship *Gatherer*.

ing-place, the fore-castle, is not infrequently dark and damp and dungeon-like, illumined by day as well as by night,—if that can be called illumination which serves only to make the darkness visible,—by a smoking oil or “slush” lamp which begrimes with soot everything within its limits, and makes the very air he breathes suffocating.

This condition of things affords a warrant for the remark of a well known philanthropist who was as familiar with the discomforts of the modern fore-castle as he was with the luxuries of social life. He was the guest of a wealthy ship-owner, who showed him through his extensive and comfortable stables. While admiring the luxury of his host's equine establishment, he quietly remarked, —“You seem to think more of your horses than of your sailors.” This judgment is by no means unconfirmed by the facts in the case. Hundreds of horses in this city are better housed and fed than thousands of sailors are. In more than ten years of a sailor's life I never saw, even in the coldest and most stormy weather, a stove or a spark of fire in a ship's fore-castle, though compelled many a time to “turn in wet, and to turn out smoking.”

The government of the ship at sea is, in a majority of cases, very far from being paternal. The labor is excessive, and the rest given the men seldom more than six or eight hours out of the twenty-four; “watch and watch” being the exception, and “all hands” the rule. Of late years cases of brutality in the treatment of seamen have been quite frequent, as the records of the courts in our own land will show, as well as the testimony of our Consuls abroad.

The names of some ships have an unenviable reputation for cruelty. Notable among these are the *Nep-tune*, the *Fidelia*, the *Undaunted*,* the *E. J. Spicer*,† the *Loando*,‡ the *Pharida*,§ and the *Gatherer*, already referred to. Such cases, it may be admitted, are exceptional. The few bad cases are published, the many good are unnoticed. But the fact that they can happen at all is proof that the wrongs of the sailor are of the grossest kind, and that sufficient guards are not thrown around the defenceless victims.

The wrongs of the sailor, as against his person, are materially enhanced by the greed of men who send him to sea in unseaworthy ships. The efforts of Mr. Plim-soll, in England, have tended to reduce the peril in some measure, although not altogether. The record of casualties reported on Lloyd's Loss Book shows that in one week, viz., from midnight of January 23rd, 1884, to midnight of January 30th, 1884, 186 vessels, with from 150 to 200 men, were lost, *i. e.*, more than one vessel and one man every hour.¶ Surely there is enough in these terrible calamities to discourage men from following so arduous a calling, without resorting to brutalities such as would shame an Apache.

(2.) AS to his PROPERTY, he is swindled on every hand, ashore and at sea. He is the prey of all with whom he comes into contact, except the true friends of Christ and of his own soul. He is charged two prices for almost everything he purchases,—at sea, for slops and tobacco, and money ad-

* *Vide* SAILORS' MAGAZINE, vol. liv, p. 344.

† SAILORS' MAGAZINE, vol. liv, p. 343.

‡ SAILORS' MAGAZINE, vol. liv, p. 344.

§ SAILORS' MAGAZINE, vol. liv, p. 344.

¶ SAILORS' MAGAZINE, vol. lvi, p. 144.

vanced;—on shore, he is the victim of the land shark who robs him at every turn and in every transaction.

(3.) Assaults on his LIBERTY are made with all the desperate malignity of man-stealers by a process called "shanghaeing," compared with which the doings of the press-gang were merciful. In order to succeed in this crime the victim is drugged, or stunned by the blow of a sand-bag or slung-shot, or silenced by a revolver at his head, and hurried on board an outgoing ship, the criminals en-

gaged in the nefarious business passing him off for a sailor who has shipped and is unwilling to go in the vessel,—they at the same time pocketing his two or three months advance, and leaving him a virtual slave in the hands of cruel officers who are often ready accomplices in the crime, until he can reach some foreign or home port and secure the liberty of which he has been so violently and unceremoniously plundered.*

* *Vide SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, vol. liv, p. 185.

THE PUGET SOUND REGION.

Puget Sound abundantly deserves its reputation for remarkable beauty. Commodore Wilkes is quite within the bounds of truth in his statement: "Nothing can exceed the beauty of these waters. I venture nothing in saying there is no country in the world that possesses waters equal to these." With a length of probably not more than two hundred miles, the Sound has a coast line of more than fifteen hundred miles. It covers an area of about two thousand square miles, or only a little more than twice the extent of Cook county, in which Chicago is. Its waters are very deep, and at almost any point vessels of the largest size may approach to land until their sides touch the shores, before their keels touch the bottom. It has hundreds of beautiful islands and bays. It lies as a deep basin between two lofty ranges of mountains,—the Cascade range on the east, and the Coast or Olympian range on the west. The gateway opening into it from the Pacific Ocean is the Straits of Juan de Fuca (the name of their discoverer), which are ninety-five miles long, and an

average of eight miles in width. The Sound itself was named for Peter Puget, one of Vancouver's lieutenants, who explored it. This great navigator gave to another of his lieutenants, Rainier, the honor of calling the grandest mountain peak in the country by his name, though it is now more generally called by the Indian name Tacoma (nourishing breast), while it is claimed that its true Indian name is Tanoma (almost to heaven). It is the highest peak but one in the United States, Mount Blanca in Colorado being just twenty feet higher. The latter, however, is not so massive, so grand, so overwhelming to the view, since no beholder looks upon it except from an elevation of as much as seven thousand feet, while the former, at the town of New Tacoma, is seen from the sea level rising grandly 14,444 feet, and covered perpetually with snow and ice, its glaciers surpassing, in extent and grandeur, anything to be seen in the Alps. Senator Edmunds, who visited the mountain last year, says of it: "I have been through the Swiss mountains, and I am

compelled to own, that, incredible as the assertion may appear, there is absolutely no comparison between the finest effects that are exhibited there and what is seen in approaching this grand isolated mountain. I would be willing to go five hundred miles again to see that scene. This continent is yet in ignorance of the existence of what will be one of the grandest show places, as well as a sanitarium."

Last year, when the writer was on the Pacific coast, the grand snow mountains, Hood, St. Helen's, and Tacoma, were all hidden from view—first by smoke, and then by rain clouds. Hence I was led to express, in this correspondence, doubt of their existence, on the principle of Mr. Ingersoll, who, finding no reality in the Christian religion, denies that there is any reality in it. But I take it all back. In my recent trip the mountains stood revealed in clear light and in wondrous majesty day after day, and had there been no other reward, it was worth the journey across the continent a second time to see them. Taking a river steamer at Portland, we go down the Columbia forty miles to Kalama, and thence by rail 105 miles to *New Tacoma*, near the southern end of the Sound. This is a new town which in two or three years has grown to contain a population of 5000. During the last year the railroad company, which has made this town its northern terminus, has built here a very fine hotel, from which a magnificent view of the mountain is obtained, as well as of Commencement Bay, on the high bluffs on which the city is built. Tacoma people, by faith, already see their town rising to be the great metropolis of the Northwest, and no

doubt its mines of coal and iron, which are near at hand and very extensive and rich; its dense and splendid forests of cedar and fir, and its agriculture and foreign commerce, will secure for it a large measure of prosperity and growth. It is now a busy, energetic, and growing place. We have a church here which is doing good work and prospering under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Armstrong.

Seattle, named after an old Indian chief, is thirty miles farther north on the Sound, and has the advantage of Tacoma in age, in the amount of capital invested, and in being a better building site for a town, because here there are no precipitous bluffs rising from the water, as at Tacoma. Here is located the University of Washington Territory, and we have here also a vigorous and thriving church under the care of the Rev. F. G. Strange. *Seattle*, next to *Victoria* in British Columbia, is the largest town on the Sound, and possesses advantages which will probably preserve to it its present lead in the struggle for supremacy.

Other points of interest at which our steamer touched in the voyage to *Victoria* were *Port Gamble*, *Madison*, *Ludlow*, and *Townsend*, all of them lumber towns or camps. *Port Gamble*, beautiful for situation, with bold headlands on either side of the Sound, which are clad with the dark green of heavy forests of fir and pine, is owned by one mill company, whose property in lands, mill, and vessels is probably not exceeded by any other. This company have built narrow-gauge railroads into the forests for bringing in logs. They own their own vessels, in which they carry lumber to San Francisco, Australia, and China. From a mill at Tacoma

which they own, two vessels, as I was told, were loading, one for Australia and the other for China, when I was there.

But the most interesting town on Puget Sound is *Victoria*, at the southeastern extremity of Vancouver's Island. The intelligent and patriotic American cannot resist the conviction that it, and the island on which it stands, ought to belong to this country. The Island is larger territorially than Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut; it is much richer in natural resources than these three States; and its climate is far more mild and delightful. Though *Victoria* is a little north of the forty-eighth parallel, yet it is said that flowers bloom there in the open air all through the Winter. New Orleans could hardly show larger or more beautiful roses than were to be seen there last August, and the display of apples, pears, and plums growing on the trees in many private yards, I have never in any latitude seen excelled, if equalled, whether for abundance or quality. The mildness of the climate is due to the Japan Current, whose warm waters, like another Gulf Stream, flow in upon these shores. Vancouver was greatly impressed by the beauty of this island. He could hardly believe that it was not a highly cultivated country, as it looked to be.

Victoria has a population of 10-000, and is decidedly English in appearance. Its location is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, embracing a fine harbor, shores marked by hills covered with forests of pine and oak, and pine-clad mountains in the near background. A more distant view takes in the lofty peaks of the Olympic and Cascade mountains. The city presents a busy appear-

ance; its streets are well graded, its public and private buildings of a substantial character; its commerce, as shown by the ships in its harbor, considerable; and its manufactures various and valuable. Such is the general character of the city which in this far Northwest has grown up within a period of about twenty years.

It is not unlikely, however, that *Victoria* will lose its lead as the chief city of British Columbia, and that *New Westminster* will gain it. Between these two places, the latter of which is about seventy-five miles to the northeast of the former, there is running a regular line of steamers. I did not visit *New Westminster*, but heard much of it at *Victoria*. It is situated in the very heart of the great resources of this immense British province. Its salmon fisheries are extensive, thirteen canning establishments in or near the city having put up last year twelve million cans of salmon. The surrounding region is mostly covered with dense forests, some of the cedar trees being twelve feet in diameter; but the forests are being cleared off; the land brought under tillage, and the country filling up with people. The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, now far advanced toward completion, will doubtless greatly accelerate the development and settlement of this rich country.—*Clement in N. Y. Evangelist, Jan. '85.*

NONE WILL HAVE their residence in heaven hereafter who have not their conversation in heaven here. None will be with the Lord forever, but those that find it their happiness for the Lord to be with them now.—*Wm. Jay.*

For The Sailors' Magazine.

“THE DISCOURAGED TEACHER.”

Rev. C. E. LINSLEY, D. D., New Rochelle, N. Y., writes to us:—

“The record which you requested me to write out for the *MAGAZINE* I read many years since. It professed to be a narrative of facts; giving names, dates, &c. All but the main incidents have faded from my memory, but those made, at the time, too deep an impression to be easily obliterated.” They follow:—

Years ago there lived in a certain town in England, a young man who was preparing for the ministry. He was the teacher of a class in the Sabbath School connected with the church which he attended. In that class there was one boy who gave him a great deal of trouble. Not only was he neglectful of his own lessons, but his conduct in the class was such as to hinder the other scholars from reciting theirs. At last the evil became so great that his teacher was casting about for some means to rid himself and the class of his refractory pupil. Before this was accomplished however, the boy suddenly ceased from attendance upon the school, and the teacher found by inquiry that he had ran away and gone to sea. This, as he thought, ended the matter. To his own mind it was a relief, and he soon dismissed the whole thing from his memory. Not long after he entered the ministry, and in process of time was settled as the pastor of a flourishing church in a seaport town in England.

Years passed, and the runaway boy, so far as he knew, had never been heard from. One evening

his door-bell rang, and, as it chanced, he opened the door himself. There stood before him a tall, sun-burnt, muscular man, in the garb of a sailor. Upon inquiring what he wanted, the young man asked whether this was the Rev. Mr. ——. Upon being assured that it was, he said that he had come there on purpose to see him. “I am not surprised,” he added, “that you do not recognize me.” The clergyman answered that, to the best of his knowledge, he had never seen him before. “Yet I was once a member of your Sunday School class at C., and I gave you a great deal of trouble. On that account I thought you might remember me. I am James ——.”

To say that the minister was astonished, both at the fact of his being there, and at the change in his appearance, but faintly expresses his genuine amazement. Upon being invited to the pastor's study, the long lost scholar gave the following account of himself. He said that he had led a wandering life for years,—he had served on board many vessels, and visited almost every part of the world. “I was,” said he, “a bad boy at home; but when I went to sea I became a great deal worse, and as I grew to be a man I was a ringleader among the sailors in all kinds of wickedness, at every port we entered.

“For a long time this went on, but still I could never forget some of the things you said to us in that Sunday School class. In the midst of all my sins they would come into my mind, and they often troubled my conscience. One thing in particular I remember. I once took a notion, while with

you, to get my Bible lesson perfectly, just to show what I could do. As a reward for that lesson you gave me a small colored ticket with a text of Scripture printed upon it. You will think it strange, but in all my wanderings I kept that ticket for years. I remember the text perfectly, and the place where it is to be found, but I never could imagine its meaning. I wondered over it more than a little. But I know better now. It was from Numbers xxiii, 9, and this was the text on the ticket:—*"From the top of the rocks I see him."*

"Well, sir, in the wild and reckless life I led I suffered many hardships. I was shipwrecked twice. The second time was the worst, and it seemed likely to be the last I ever would encounter. The ship I was in ran upon a sunken rock in the night, a thousand miles from land. She filled and went down so suddenly that there was no time to launch a boat. So far as I know I am the only survivor of her crew. Somehow I managed to make fast to a floating spar, and after battling for hours with the waves I was cast upon a rocky ledge, which rose only a few feet above the surface of the ocean. There was nothing there to sustain life,—not even a drop of fresh water, and I saw that unless Providence interposed I must soon perish. But what right had I to expect that? Besides the spot was far out of the common track of ships, and the rock lay so low that there was small chance of my being seen, even if one should pass that way. Then, for the first time, I felt my sins and saw my danger. Alone on that rock with God!

"I went over my evil life; I went back to the Sunday School

class; I thought of you, and then, like a flash, the text on that ticket darted into my mind *"From the top of the rocks I see him."* Yes, He was there! I knew Him now; my injured Savior! Well, right there I repented and gave my heart to Jesus. I told Him that if He would save me this time, my life should be devoted to His service. Somehow I felt that my prayer was heard, and a great peace came into my soul. I had set up the spar with a fragment of my clothing on the top, to serve for a signal. Well, sir, when I did that I had but faint hope of a rescue, but now I was full of confidence. And in fact, only a little while after, a vessel hove in sight and bore down for the rock; my signal was seen, I was saved. By God's help I mean to make good my promise. I thought you would like to hear of this, and I have come to say,—*"Don't be discouraged in your work. Don't give any poor fellow up. If the Lord has had mercy on me, as I believe that He has, who need be lost? Perhaps you thought that I heard nothing you said in that class. But I did. I never could get some of the things out of my mind, and I think they were, in part, the means of leading me to Christ."*

IF YOUR HEART goes out to Jesus in loving trust, then stand up for him, and with him joining your hands to his, take the blessed vow of spiritual wedlock. The whole drift of the Bible is in favor of prompt trust in Christ, prompt confession of Christ, and prompt obedience to his every call of duty. The teaching of the word is, *"Whatsoever he saith to you, do it."* But the devil's version reads, *"Whatsoever he saith to you, delay it."*—*T. L. Cuyler.*

A SHIPMASTER'S STORY ABOUT FLOGGING.

When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship *Petersham*. She was an old craft, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety. But her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I would not refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until about the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of ice was above water, it having nearly all been melted in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. I did not think we had sustained much injury for the shock was light; but I was very angry and gave the lookout a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the berg in time to escape it.

My cabin boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from his widowed mother, and promised her that I would see him well treated—that is, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, quick, intelligent lad. I soon made myself believe he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever come across. I had made up my mind he had never been properly governed, and had resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I'd done with him. In reply he told me I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizzen top-gallant haliards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he'd got enough, and he told me I might flog him more if I wished to. I felt a strong

inclination to throw the boy overboard, but at that moment he staggered back against the mizzen mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about the boy's disposition, I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest, and most intelligent, and faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would be off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the disposition with which I found fault.

One day, when it was very near noon, I spoke to him to bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter-rail and I knew he did not hear me; the next time I spoke I ripped out an oath, and intimated if he did not move I'd help him.

"I didn't hear ye," he said, with an independent tone.

"No words," said I.

"I suppose I can speak," he retorted, moving slowly towards the companion way.

His looks, words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment and I grasped him by the collar.

"Speak to me again like that, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life," said I.

"You can flog away," he replied firm as a rock.

And I did flog him. I caught up the end of a rope and beat him till my arm fairly ached; but he never winced.

"How's that?" said I.

"There's a little more life in me—you'd better flog it out," was the reply.

And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and I sent one of my other men for my quadrant.

When it came and I had adjusted it for observation. I found that the sun had already passed the meridian, and that I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down and swore I would keep him there till his stubbornness was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not with any compunctions of conscience for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy,—that I could not break down his cool, stern opposition.

“But I will do it,” I said to myself, by the heavens above me, I will starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation.”

After supper I went to the hatchway and called out to him but he returned me no answer. So I closed the hatch and went away. At ten o'clock I went again, and again got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they had heard him, not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again until morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway, and called to him once more. I heard nothing from him nor could I see him.—I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called out several times, but he would make no reply—yet the very same men told me they had heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but he would not ask for me. I meant to break him into it. “He'll beg before he'll starve,”

I thought, and so determined to let him stay there. I supposed he had crawled forward to the forecastle bulkhead, in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to go down and look for him, but I refused, and threatened to punish the first man that dared to go down.

At noon I went again and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me ere I went any more. The day passed away and when evening came, I began to be startled. I thought of the many good qualities the boy had and of his widowed mother. He had been in the hold thirty-six hours and all of forty hours without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if he died there from actual starvation, it might go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off and I jumped down upon the boxes alone.

A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might easily have gone down, and to this point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called out there but could get no answer. A short distance further was a wide space, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I now remembered had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would let anything that might have been stored there rest directly on the thin planking of the ship.

To this place I made my way, and looked down. I heard the splashing of water, and thought I could detect a sound like the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing, but as soon as I became used to the

dim light, I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting on the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him and thought he looked up.

"Jack, are you there?"

And he answered me in a faint, weary tone,—

"Yes, help me! For heaven's sake help me! Bring men and bring a lantern,—the ship has sprung a leak!"

I hesitated, and he added in a more eager tone—

"Make haste,—I will try and hold it till you come back."

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy and could scarcely believe my own senses. Three of the timbers were completely worm-eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken, and would burst in any moment the boy might leave it, whose feet were braced against the plank before him. Half a dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the skin. I saw the plank must burst the moment the strain was removed from it, so I made the men brace themselves against it before I lifted him up. Other men were called down, with planks, spikes, and adzes, and with much care and trouble we finally succeeded in stopping the leak and averting the danger.

The plank which had been stove in was six feet long by eight inches wide, and would let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long before we could have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I knew it must be where the iceberg struck us.

Jack Withers was taken to the cabin, and there he managed to tell his story. Shortly after I put him in the hold he crawled forward, and when he became used to the dim glimmer that came through the deadlights, he looked around for a snug place in which to lie, for his limbs were very sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he heard a faint sound, like water streaming through a small hole. He went to the open place in the cargo and looked down, and was sure that he saw a small jet of water springing up through the ship's bottom. He leaped down and in a few moments found that the timbers had given wholly away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the plank, and found it broken, and discovered that the pressure of the water without was forcing it inward. He had sense enough to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go, and the ship be lost and perhaps all hands perish. And he saw too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it and braced his feet against the cask, and then called for help. But he was too far away, so low down, with such a mass of cargo about him, that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but thought he was talking to himself.

And there he sat, with his feet braced, for four-and-twenty dreary hours, with the water spurting all over him, and drenching him to the very skin. He had several times thought of going to the hatchway and calling for help; but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him,—his limbs were racked with

pain,—but he would not give up. I asked him if he would not have given up if I had not come as I did. He answered that he would not have done it while there was life in him. He said he thought not of himself,—he was ready to die,—but he would save the rest if he could,—and he had saved us, surely saved us all, from a watery grave.

The boy lay sick almost unto death; but I nursed him with my own hands,—nursed him all through his delirium; and when his reason returned and he could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him, and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms around my neck and told me if I would be good to him, he would never give cause of offense; he added as he sat up again, “I am

not a coward,—I could not be a dog.”

I never forgot those words; and from that hour I never struck a blow on board my ship. I make my men feel that they are men,—that I so regard them and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. I give no undue license, but make my crews feel that they have a friend and superior in the same person. For nine years I have sailed in three different ships with the same crew. A man could not be hired to leave me save for an officer's berth. And Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin boy; one of my foremost hands; my second mate; and the last time he sailed with me he refused the command of a new bark.

From the Honolulu, H. L. Friend, January, 1887.

VALEDICTORY.

Forty-two years ago, the 18th of this month, was issued Volume I, No. 1, of *The Friend*. During all these subsequent years, the subscriber has been both publisher and editor. It is a period embracing the best part of a half century, and covering the reigns of three kings, and parts of two others. Vast have been the changes in this “Island world of the Pacific” during this period; and if the reader will peruse the more than 4,000 pages of this monthly, he may gather no unreliable and untrustworthy history of the past half century. There is no such complete record in the Government archives or church records, of deaths and marriages among foreigners, or of the arrival and departure of ships, and passengers, besides a

vast amount of useful historical memoranda. A historian might confine his research to the more than forty volumes of this paper, and write a history of Polynesia, including its commerce, and the progress of Missions. So valuable has the *Friend* become in a historical point of view, that years ago a request came from the British Museum for a complete file, and even now Mr. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific coast, is employing one of his secretaries in carefully gleaning data from its pages. Here are found the full reports of the whaling fleet, the early accounts of the gold discovery in California and Australia, and also a full and complete history of Missions in the Hawaiian Islands, Micronesia and

other groups. Special attention has been always given to the last mentioned topic, for a true history of Missions in its various branches, may be regarded as but an appendix to the "Acts of the Apostles."

In retiring from the active management of this paper, I cannot but express my unfeigned satisfaction that the enterprise has passed over to publishers in whom the Christian public has such entire confidence, thus affording the assurance that the aims and purposes of *The Friend* will be even better carried out than they have been in former years. Pastors Cruzan and Oggel enter upon their duties with every prospect of a successful career of usefulness in this department of Christian effort. This paper occupies a peculiar sphere, and I rejoice that its life is to be perpetuated under such favorable auspices. I trust all old subscribers and many additional new ones will aid in its liberal support.

In closing my labors as publisher and editor, I desire to return my unfeigned thanks to all subscribers, contributors and donors. There is only one name I will publish, which is that of E. DUNSCOMBE, my ever faithful clerk for over twenty years. I would gladly record one other, but I know permission would not be given. Neither will I forget to mention the printers, who have always been promptly paid when their quarterly bills were presented, whatever might have been the amount of *The Friend's* credit at the bank. Thus more than \$20,000 have been disbursed, or than \$30,000, including the bills for paper. During all these years, with the exception of the Y. M. C. A.'s contribution, the publisher has not relied for support on any Benevolent or Mission Societies.

In concluding this brief valedictory, I cannot refrain from acknowledging the kind Providence, under whose sustaining care and guidance, more than a half million copies of this paper have been scattered broad-cast among landsmen and seamen. It affords satisfaction that this little sheet has cheered the cabins and fore-castles of thousands of vessels as they have cruised in these Pacific waters and the Arctic seas. With the kindest wishes to my successors and the reading public,

S. C. DAMON.

*Late Publisher and Editor of
The Friend.*

The Friend needs no introduction.

The parting words of Dr. Damon tell of a continuous existence through forty-two years of this monthly publication, whose further management has been entrusted to our care.

In these parting words Dr. Damon sets forth clearly and comprehensively the history of *The Friend* and the wide influence which it has exerted during these many years.

An influence that is far reaching, as well in the various and distant parts of the earth, to which *The Friend* has wended its way as in the unnumbered lives which it has touched and moulded beneficently for time and the hereafter. Hence *The Friend* has a history and a name. It is widely and favorably known.

Of this paper Dr. Damon has laid the foundation and built thereon. He labored, and we enter into his labors.

As is stated in our circular we are glad, as we know our readers will be, that Dr. Damon will continue to co-operate with us in making *The Friend*, what a

friend is entitled to, an ever welcome guest in the circles and homes to which it shall come.

It will be the endeavor of the present editors to make *The Friend* an interesting and useful paper for old and young; and to aid all whom it may reach, on land and sea, in leading such lives as God in his word commends.

We ask of our readers encouragement and support, that we may the more efficiently subserve the interests of all.

We assure Dr. Damon of our ap-

preciation for introducing us so favorably to the public and for his expressed interest in our behalf and the increasing usefulness of *The Friend*.

To the daily and weekly publications of this city we convey our thanks for kind expressions and wishes.

With these words of greeting we assume the management of *The Friend*, looking in this new channel of effort for Divine direction and approval.

J. A. CRUZAN, E. C. OGGEL.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

THE GROUND OF PEACE.

On rocky cliffs that rise in air
Above the tidal flows,
Where all besides is bleak and bare
The hardy samphire grows.

The salt sea winds come roaring in
Across the heaving main,
They hurl themselves with angry din,
Against the plant, in vain.

The hundred handed surges stretch
Far upward in their pride,
To grasp the prize just out of reach
That grows beyond the tide.

Deep in a crevice of the rock
The samphire roots are thrown
Immovable, though tempest shock
And seething billows moan.

While sea-gulls shriek and curlews call
The roots more firmly cling,
And far out on the rocky wall
Her verdant banners swing.

Fit emblem of a Christian soul
That rests in perfect peace,
Though waves of trials wildly roll
And tempests never cease;—

Deep rooted in the Rifted Rock
Secure it shall abide,
Defying every earthly shock,
Through Christ the Crucified.

Helen Chauncey.

Man's Sin and Redemption.

* * * * * There is a vast graveyard surrounded by a wall no one can climb, with but one entrance, a great iron gate, *fast-bolted*. Within those walls are myriads of human beings, of all ages and classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave,—the grave yawns to swallow them and they must all die. There is no balm to relieve them—no physician there,—they *must* perish. This is the condition of man as a sinner,—all, all have sinned, and the soul that sinneth it shall die. While man was in this deplorable state, *Mercy*, the darling attribute of Deity came down and stood at the gate, looked at the scene and wept over it, exclaiming, “O that I might enter, I would bind up their wounds,—I would relieve their sorrows,—I would save their souls!” While *Mercy* stood weeping at the gate, an embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of Heaven to some other world, passing over, paused at the sight, and heaven forgave the pause; and seeing *Mercy* standing there, they cried, “*Mercy*, *Mercy*, can you not enter? Can you look upon this scene and not pity? Can you pity and not relieve?” *Mercy* replied, “I *can* see;” and in her tears she added, “I can pity, but cannot relieve.” “Why can you not enter?” “Oh!” said *Mercy*, “Justice has barred the door against me, and I cannot, must not unbar it.” At this there appeared a form among the angelic band, like unto the Son of God, who, addressing himself to Justice, said, “What are thy demands?” Justice replied, “My terms are stern and rigid,—I must have sickness for their health,—I must have ignominy

for their honor,—I must have death for life. *Without shedding of blood there is no remission.*” “Justice,” said the Son of God, “I accept thy terms. On me be this wrong, and let Mercy enter.” “When,” said Justice, “will you perform this promise?” Jesus replied, “Four thousand years hence, upon the hill of Calvary, without the gates of Jerusalem, I will perform it in my own person.” The deed was prepared and signed in the presence of the angels of God,—Justice was satisfied, Mercy entered, preaching *salvation* in the name of Jesus. The deed was committed to the patriarchs, by them to the kings of Israel and the prophets; by them it was preserved till David’s seventy weeks were accomplished; then at the appointed time Justice appeared on the hill of Calvary, and Mercy presented to him the important deed. “Where,” said Justice, “is the son of God?” Mercy answered, “Behold him at the bottom of the hill bearing his own cross;” and then she departed and stood aloof at the hour of trial. Jesus ascended the hill, while in his train followed his weeping church. Justice immediately presented him with the deed, saying, “this is the day when this bond is to be executed.” When he received it did he tear it in pieces, and give it to the winds of heaven? No, he nailed it to the cross exclaiming, “It is finished.” Justice called on holy fire to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy fire descended; it swallowed his humanity, but when it touched his Deity, it expired! and there was darkness over the whole heavens; but, “glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, good will to men.”

Christmas Evans.

Mme. Guyon's Hymn in the Bastile.

Great God, because it pleases thee
A captive bird am I;—
My sole desire to sing for thee,
I have no wish to fly.
I love my long captivity,
Because, O Lord, it pleases thee.

I sing all day for thy dear sake
The sweetest songs I know,
And misery but seems to make
My love for thee to grow;
All other thoughts do I forsake,
And sing all day, for thy dear sake.

I surely am at liberty
Although by bars confined,
Though compass'd in slavery
Free are my heart and mind:
'Tis thy pure love has set me free,
For liberty is loving thee.

O Will divine, whom I adore!
Goodness ineffable!
The more my pain is felt, the more
I seem with thee to dwell.
O Will divine, I thee adore,
As up to thee in song I soar!

Receive, O Father, pityingly,
The feeble strain I raise;
I cannot sing melodiously,
Yet sing I in thy praise,
Be thou my strength, my comfort be,
Till thy caged bird may fly to thee!

—From the French, translated by A. F. Judd,
in *Springfield Republican*.

Why I am Here To-Night.

After reading the Parable of the Prodigal Son, the leader of the evening meeting said: You may think it strange to see *me* here to-night. I wanted to leave home, parents and friends, and did not know how to get away, so became a sailor. Little I knew about the sea; thought I would only have to sit and look at the water. Although I was taught the Lord's prayer at my mother's knee and had received a public school education, all was of no avail, and to sea I went, saying 'they don't know where I am; I can do as I

please; and went in Satan's hands and spent years and years. At last in Buenos Ayres, in 1873, I made a resolution to be a better man, but in my own strength, so went farther and farther, down,—down. Made good wages, but Satan took them all away. Came to New York, and as I came up Catharine Street something said: 'Stop! Heave to!' My attention was attracted to this corner, and I walked into the reading-room. Had been drinking some bottles of liquor and was all bent up with strong drink. Was invited to go in the meeting, but said: 'I was too great a wretch.' The reply: 'Christ came to save such as you,' induced me, and I went. When I heard the prayers and testimonies, the Spirit of God worked mightily on my heart. Afterward, Christian friends came and spoke to me and I ran out of the door.

That night something said:—'You have done wrong,' and I resolved to go again the next night, when I talked to a lady who gave me a Testament, in which some chapters were *marked*. I opened it and wondered what certain marks meant, and read in *John 3rd.*, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.' That very Testament I have here to-night, and will show it to you. That night I resolved to pray, and from that hour I trusted that Christ saved me from my sins. About a year after I deposited my first money in the bank. Now I have many blessings; a happy home, and all I need.

The reason why I stand before you is this—I was *converted*, December 10, 1879."—From *Sixty-Seventh Annual Report of New York Port Society*.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

In the closing quarter of 1884, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, missionary, was at Helsingborg, calling upon sailors on board ships and preaching. In October he went to Copenhagen, Denmark, to a great "sailor-meeting" in the Bethel-ship, meeting Rev. Mr. WOLLESON, and hearing pastor PRIOR, Lutheran, discourse from St. John, i, 29-51. In October and later, at Perstøp, at Hesselholm, Pyersloof, Christianstadt, Astorp, Awarp, and Råa, small fishing villages, he pursued his accustomed round of labor and hundreds of seamen and fishers listened to the word of life. He closes his report, saying:—"Dear brethren pray for me that the Lord may grant me to get many sinners to His kingdom in this year!"

GEFLE.

For the same period Mr. E. ERICKSSON reports that the children of God have been revived in love, and were zealous for the salvation of sinners. Multitudes listen to the word of God, and "we wait and hope that the Spirit of God may be poured out, and many be converted." He says that some have been converted, among them a young sailor who "some days ago was taken into the church." Navigation ceased in November, and Mr. E. went into Dalarne, the region styled the Swedish Alps. Here he was instrumental in bringing a church which was near dissolution by reason of strife, into peace and vigorous life. Preaching was listened to with more avidity than on the sea-coast. As some variation of his favorable reception, he recounts that in one place where he stayed for some days, preaching in a new chapel, and where some young men were awakened from their sleep in sin, "others were agry and made a noise." "When I went

home from an evening meeting, they cried after me and called me 'black devil.' I wish that I had been able to stay here some days more, because it is hoped that also such shall be saved, which in this manner be tormented of the evil."

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Writing of the last year, Rev. A. WOLLESON says:—"Our sanctuary, (the Bethel-ship) has been well filled by seamen, not seldom crowded to overflowing. I have abundant evidence that the word preached not with enticing words of man's wisdom but in demonstration of the Spirit, and power, has been sanctified by the Holy Spirit. Seldom a week has passed that some seaman has not given testimony that Jesus is able to save sinners. But while I with humble gratitude can speak of His mercy in bringing sinners to a saving knowledge, I can also state that our work has been blessed to the preservation and feeding the flock. Seamen who have tarried here a few days, have found this to be a Bethel to their souls. Strengthened by the word and power of God, they have left for sea with greater zeal and ready in their humble way to serve and bear witness for their Master.

Reading-Room.

"Our reading-room has been open daily and some 30,000 seamen and emigrants have partaken of the accommodations and benefits offered by a good supply of writing materials and newspapers and a large and well-furnished library and private conversation.

Hospital Work—A Refuge.

"Our Bethel-ship has also been a place of refuge. Through my influence sick and dying seamen have received free hospital care, the poor and the needy have had the help they needed or have been sent, free of expense, either to their homes or to some larger seaport where they better could procure a change. In cases of fraud or cruel treatment on board ship I have

been their protector. At present I have a sad case in court, that of a sailor-boy sixteen years of age, who has lost his reason. When I found him he had upon him the marks of the utmost cruelty. The boy is in hospital, and his captain in jail.

Visiting.

"Aided by my assistant we have visited and befriended 500 families, the sufferer has been cheered, widows' hearts bound up and orphans' tears dried. 2,600 vessels have been supplied with religious reading or Bible-bags. The bread cast on the water, I hope, will be found again though it be after many days.

"At present I have two assistants to whom I am endeavoring to give a little practical training in mission work. They are both converted seamen, pious men, who love to be active in the Master's vineyard.

Festivities.

"December 30th, we had a Christmas festivity. Two hundred and eighty seamen gathered around a beautiful Christmas tree presented by the beloved Queen of Denmark. After the religious devotion coffee and cake were served, and each seaman received a little present which will come into service upon the ocean. Among other gentlemen of influence who were there I mention one of the royal princes, Prince WILHELM, the King's brother, and the former president of Copenhagen."

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Dating 12th January, '85, Rev. JAMES HITCHENS, chaplain, who began work here last spring, reports for the previous nine months, as follows:—

"In taking up and carrying on the duties of a resident chaplain, we felt that we had no light work in hand, but feeling that our call here was from God we were assured of His help, which has been fully realized by us.

Divine Services.

"The services at the Bethel have been well attended, especially by seamen, and the attention has been all that we could desire, resulting in decisions for Christ, the average attendance on Sundays be-

ing:—morning (in all), about 90, and in the evening about 160, but often the church is full. Our attendance depends, in a large measure, upon the number of ships in port.

Weekly Meetings.

"Our week evening meetings although not so large as the Sunday services, have been useful. Several seamen have professed to have got good thereat, and we know of five or six who were under deep spiritual convictions, who came to us after the meeting asking for further counsel and guidance. Some of these came to the Institute on the following day begging us to pray for them. Most of them professed to have found peace before they left Antwerp. Since they left we have received letters informing us that they are still holding on and bless God for the Antwerp Sailors' Institute.

Reading-Rooms.

"These are well filled,—the average weekly visits including attendance at the meetings, mostly drawn from the Reading Rooms, is over three hundred. Letters were written and posted, and about 372 were received. It is interesting to see from twenty to thirty sailors sitting of an evening together in the Room, reading the books and papers provided for their use, while the Smoking Room, where games of skill are provided, is freely employed. Not a few regard the Institute as a moral safeguard for them from the temptations of the city, and are very thankful.

Entertainments.

"Several successful entertainments, consisting of concerts, dissolving views and lecture, &c., were given, largely attended by seamen. A Christmas Tree was provided for the sailors, filled with useful things, such as pocket-knives, woolen scarfs and mittens, marling-spikes, palm and sail needles, pipes and tobacco, &c., &c., and several pocket Bibles, all of which were drawn for by the sailors themselves. After partaking of a substantial tea, which together with the articles on the tree were given free, being the contributions of many friends in Antwerp. On the 30th of December the annual Christmas Tea and Entertainment took place, followed by a free tea to the Sunday School children and their parents. At its close a watch-night service was held to finish up the year 1884 and to begin the year 1885.

Afloat.

"We visit the ships daily, both in the docks and at the quays. About 2,428 visits were made to British and American vessels. Thousands of pages of valuable reading matter have been distributed and many interesting conversations held. The Queen of England's yacht and an American man-of-war were visited by us during their stay in the river. One day each week is given to the vessels lying above the town at the South Quay, where it is proposed to open a free Reading Room as soon as one can be found.

Hospital.

"Once a week we visit the sick in hospital, and oftener when specially desired. We have also visited several sick cases at their homes and on board ships.

Lodging Houses.

"Sailors in the lodging houses are looked up and many of them have been induced to spend their leisure time in our Reading-Rooms.

Temperance.

"Temperance work is mainly carried on by the Good Templars who meet every Tuesday in the Institute for this object, and several sailors have been persuaded to put on the Blue Ribbon.

Libraries.

"We have shipped 36 libraries containing 709 volumes, and a large quantity of illustrated and other papers, and 35 tract bags, and 161 large parcels of miscellaneous reading matter."

*Italy.**GENOA.*

Chaplain DONALD MILLER has sent us extracts from the harbor missionary's journal, from which we cite:—

"1884, Sept. 28th. In the afternoon Mr. MILLER, my wife and I visited the steamer, asked permission of the mate of the *C*— to have a service, but were refused, the captain not being on board. Went to the *E*— *A*—, the captain of which kindly consented to our holding service in the cabin. Eighteen of the crew, including captain and officers, were present. Mr. M. gave an exposition of the 15th chap. of Luke, and I believe there were deep impressions made on the hearts of

some of the sailors present. The captain was very kind, and said,—'Don't make yourselves strangers while we are here.'

"Oct. 2nd. Had a meeting on board the *Z*—, 15 present. The captain, being an earnest Christian, feels an interest in the spiritual welfare of those who sail with him, and is willing to do anything to help to lead them to Jesus. He prayed and spoke in the meeting, and I have every reason to think there has been good done as we have God's promise that His word will not return to Him void.

"Oct. 6th. Visited the few ships in port, and invited the men to the Bethel. Of the 28 who responded to the invitation there were 6 Norwegians with their captain and his wife. A young man,—a fireman on board the *P*— played the harmonium beautifully, which helped to make the service interesting.

"Oct. 12th. Visited the ships and then went with 20 men to the Scotch Church. Had 67 at the evening meeting in the Bethel, when I preached from the words, —'Them that honor me I will honor; and them that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.' The men were very attentive, and one made the remark when leaving, 'I enjoyed the service so much.'

"Oct. 16th. At 7 o'clock went down to the reading-room, and found there 14 seamen, all seeming to enjoy themselves. I think that since many of the ships lie alongside the quay, and we have a gangway from the Bethel to the quay, many more sailors will frequent the reading room as well as attend the meetings.

"Oct. 18th. Put a parcel of books on board the steamship *B*—. The crew all appeared to be a decent and steady lot of men and left for the support of the mission 57 francs, all on board contributing. May the Lord increase the number of such crews! I may say that in my eight years and a half experience in mission work among seamen, I have not met with such a noble and generous lot of men, as I have met with in the port of Genoa these last three months.

"Oct. 28th. Had some profitable conversation with 18 men this evening in the reading room. After they had engaged themselves reading, and some had written letters, we sang some hymns, read a portion of scripture and joined in prayer. I have reason to think that the influence brought to bear on the men who have spent their evenings at the Bethel will tend to lead them to Jesus. I pray that God may revive His work among our seamen.

"Nov. 5th. Had 14 men at the meet-

ing to-night. At the close four signed the Temperance Pledge. May God give them grace to keep it!

"*Nov. 9th.* Disappointed in getting but six to morning service, notwithstanding many promises. I asked a chief engineer who was walking the quarter deck, if he thought any of the men were coming to the Bethel, when he snappishly replied:—'I am not, and I don't know other people's business.' Then I invited the men in the forecabin. One man said,—'If you wait two hours for us we may go!' These are some of the things a seamen's missionary has to put up with, and he might often feel discouraged if it were not that his Lord and Master received the same treatment. But in the evening our hearts were cheered to see 55 seamen at the service. I saw an old man wipe the tears from his eyes, while we were singing the hymn,—'I have a Savior,' and from conversation with him afterwards I know that he was deeply affected.

"*Nov. 17th.* Went round the ships and fetched 18 men to the reading room where they spent the evening enjoyably, reading and writing, and having a little amusement. After we had sung a few hymns, read and prayed together, the men returned to their ships. I don't know of any place where more is being done for the moral and spiritual good of our seamen than has been, and is being done in the port of Genoa. And had we more pious captains to show their men an example, we would have more God-fearing seamen. In my round to-day I boarded a certain steamer, and the captain asked me to have a glass of wine. So soon as I declined, I saw he did not want my company.

"*Nov. 23d.* Disappointed to find that many of the men were working, and could not come to the service. A goodly number, however, came from the ships at the wharf, and we had an interesting awakening. One sailor prayed at the opening of the service and another at the close. Had 30 at the evening service, when the chief engineer of a Liverpool steamer played the harmonium. All present seemed pleased."

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

In a letter dated Dec. 13th, 1884, Rev. FRANK THOMPSON, chaplain, continues to make the favorable report of his work

which has marked his recent epistles. We quote:—

"It is yielding to the full all we have a right to expect, just now. I am getting it well systematized and the field is more and more promising of results. My work has many warm supporters among the people, I am always made welcome in the public meetings, and am listened to with a kindly interest. Above all I am glad to notice that 'Jack' ashore and afloat begins to look upon me as his true friend. I have many pleasing instances of his confidence. My congregations continue good on the Sabbath; had we more room we would have more hearers. I find my own experience of the sea of great help to me now, I can get much nearer to the sailor's heart from knowing just what his circumstances are and his habits of thought and mode of life. But after all, "God giveth the increase." Admiral UPSHUR is here now in the U. S. flag-ship *Hartford*, a most genial, kindly gentleman. I have visited the vessel twice, and if I can secure an audience will hold service on board, though I am sorry to say that in the United States Navy the sailor has very little desire or inclination to attend religious service on board. He knows the rules of the service do not require him to do so, and he seems to take pleasure in asserting his rights by staying away when service is held. Or, it may be due, in part at least, to the fact that in our navy there are few chaplains, and the sailor's religious training has been very much neglected, until now he feels it to be of little or no importance to the State and that it ought not to be a matter of any great concern to himself. I would not make attendance on religious service compulsory, as it is in the English Navy. But would it not be well to encourage 'Jack' by giving him a chance, and setting him an example? The right sort of a chaplain could do much on board our large national ships, and would be better than a police force in keeping the men orderly,—for the sailor in becoming religious learns self-respect, self-government and self-restraint."

Later advices from Rev. Mr. Thompson inform us that he is moving actively to secure a floating Bethel. As yet, however, the Government will not permit its location, on the ground that too many hulks are now in the harbor, there being about eighteen such, and some of them

obstructing navigation. It is felt that an exception should be made for the location of the Bethel, and prayer is asked that all hindrance to its establishment may be removed.

Madeira Islands.

FUNCHAL.

Eight hundred and sixty-six vessels entered the port from Jan. 1st, 1884, to Dec. 22nd of the same year. Their crews numbered in the aggregate 45,269 men. Useful reading was placed on all these vessels by Mr. W. G. SMART, sailor-missionary. Many of these seamen signed the temperance pledge, religious services were held on shipboard, whenever practicable, and personal religious conversation was freely had with men in the crews. The Sailor's Rest is still maintained. The U. S. Surveying steamer *Patterson* was in port for a week, and the men were faithfully cared for. Forty-two shipwrecked men of various nationalities were received at the Rest, during the twelvemonth.

Iceland.

TOURING.

L. JOHANNSON, an Icelandic seaman, converted to Christ, years since, in this country, whose labors for the evangelization of his native land were noted in the *MAGAZINE*, vol. liv. p. 81, (March, '82) and in vol. lv. p. 116, (April, '83), still pursues the humble and persevering work of which record has heretofore been made,—our last advices from him being in the shape of his letter to one of our sailor-missionaries in this city, dated,—"Iceland, 15th September, 1884." We quote:—

"I had not much to write before because I have been sailing up to this time. Last winter when I came to Leith, Scotland, I intended going home, but found it was too expensive. So I paid my way to London and then shipped in a steamer bound for China. After having been absent for four months I came back to London, and as it was in the middle of the summer,

intending to go home I went to Leith again and found that no steamer was bound for Iceland. I asked the Lord to open the way and show me what to do in the meantime.

"The next day, as I was walking in the street, a man came up and asked if I wanted to ship, I found it was a short trip in a steamer to Denmark. When I came back to Leith I had not long to wait before I got a chance to work my passage to Iceland. We had almost run ashore on our arrival off the island in a fog, on a dark night. We had only a chance to turn round before she struck. It was God's mercy that we were spared, for the coast is very rocky there. I was the only Christian on board, and I felt the sweetness of having Christ for my Savior. I also felt happy having spoken to many of them about Christ, and given them tracts all around, the first Sunday we had been at sea. It was a fine day and the Lord gave me opportunity to do so.

"The next day we got into a harbor called Húsavík. Some of the gentlemen went on shore and we went on our way to Sandárkrúss, a half day's journey from my birth place. There I found a man who was bound to Reykjavík across the country and he took me to this place for nothing. It was just where I wanted to go to, for I had Moody and Sankey's Hymn Book which I wanted one of the Icelandic poets to translate into the Icelandic language. I did not succeed in that. They were all busy and made excuses.

"I stayed a few days in Reykjavík. Then I went in a steamer to Ísaförd. There were some Norwegian fishermen who had a large building which I asked them to lend me for holding meetings in. The *Armand* was very glad to do so and wanted me to speak in the Norwegian language to his men, which I did the first evening. The meeting was largely attended. The greatest part of the hearers were Norwegians, some Icelanders who understood the language.

"I stayed there sixteen days and had fourteen meetings, all largely attended except two. The crowd increased as I continued, and I trust that many were influenced by the truth of the Gospel. Some manifested that they would take Christ for their Savior. The most part were young men, also some women. One backslider, I trust, was reclaimed. I got the loan of the church sometimes.

"Now I go to Reykjavík knowing this is the best time for that place, because the

students are gathered there from all parts of the country. I think I shall get the church to hold meetings in. I am going to stay as long as my money lasts. I trust

Jesus for all. He is my strength and my salvation. I will trust and not be afraid. Do pray for me.

Yours in Christ, L. J."

At Ports in the United States.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.

From Chatham, Cape Cod, Mass., our Boston missionary, Capt. S. S. NICKERSON writes most interestingly over date of January 21st, '85. We print in full:—

"I am down here on the Cape doing what I can to have the people interested in the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its work. I spoke in the Congregational Church at South Dennis, last Sabbath morning and at Yarmouth in the evening. This Sabbath coming I shall speak of the work at the Congregational Church and the Methodist Church in this town. I want every Church on Cape Cod to contribute yearly to the cause of seamen.

"To-day I engaged a surfman to take me in his boat to the Chatham Life Saving Station, nearly three miles away, situated on a sand beach in the vicinity of the dangerous "Chatham bars," noted for shipwrecks. The roar of the breakers is constant and makes the situation seem even more isolated and monotonous. The keeper, Capt. N. E. GOULD, and his crew, were at their posts and cheerfully answered the many questions asked. The boats and various implements for saving life we found in good working order and ready for immediate use. These men have constant drill, and every man has his part and place. I am sure they will risk their lives at any time, night or day to save others from the perils of the deep.

"I found one of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S loan libraries, No. 6,215* at this station. The men said the books had been well read and appreciated. Cut off from all society as they are, the books have been instructive and entertaining to them in their isolation, when off duty. If I am not mistaken this library has been there about seven years. If so, it seems to me the books should be exchanged.

"Let me add, dear Sir, that these surfmen are generally schoolmates of mine, and are men who laugh at danger when human life is at stake, and what is true of them is also true of the surfmen in all the stations on Cape Cod. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on their bravery. They entertained me with some of their adventures, and as a sailor (in my earlier days I have rescued shipwrecked men) I confess their endurance, perseverance and loyalty to their calling, interested me most intensely. Too much cannot be done for their comfort. Believing you would like to hear from the library I concluded to write you. Our work in Boston is still progressing, and precious sons of the sea are coming to Him who saves to the uttermost."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. DEWITT C. SLATER, sailor-missionary, whose constant reports of faithful and successful labor have for years interested our readers, has fallen ill since our last issue,—indeed has been nigh death's door,—but his soul has been in entire peace in the prospect of the change of worlds. He has slightly improved of late, but writes:—"The physician insists that I continue to take absolute rest, and persevere in medical treatment. I express my gratitude to you and to the gentlemen of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for Christian kindness shown me, especially at this time. While bodily afflictions are upon me, I would ask their prayers in my behalf to One who hath made known to us that all things work together for good to them that love Him."

BROOKLYN—U. S. NAVY YARD.

Chaplain E. N. CRANE wrote, February 5th, that he recently received a letter from

* Contributed in 1876 by W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.

Miss AGNES E. WESTON, dated at Portsmouth, Eng., enclosing pledges of fifty-five seamen and apprentice boys aboard U. S. naval vessels on the European station, who have, most of them within a year, joined the Royal Naval Temperance Society. She suggests that if thought best, their names be transferred to the roll of the U. S. Naval Temperance Union and asks for fifty of our Union pledge and membership cards that they may be given to American seamen whom she may induce to join the temperance ranks. The chaplain has suitably acknowledged her letter and sent the cards. The January and February meetings of the Union have been very fully attended. Over fifty have signed the pledge and been added to the roll of members.

NEW YORK (CITY) PORT SOCIETY.

We have the sixty-seventh annual report. Five religious services were held every Sabbath during the year 1884, and a service every morning and evening during the week. These services have been followed by inquiry-room work. The gross number enrolled as church members from the year 1856, is 2,462. The Society has sent out two hundred and sixty loan libraries. Statistics for 1884 are given as follows:—

Visits to reading-room, 42,500; letters written by seamen, 5,210; letters received by seamen from home and friends, 4,125; visits to vessels, 4,800; visits to boarding-houses, 14,985; signed the pledge, 1,108; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 2,331; number of libraries afloat, 264; received into Church on confession, 84; received into Church on probation, 380; number of meetings held during the year, 938.

South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA, sailor-missionary, who is still at Charleston, as noted in our last issue, wrote January 24th :—

“Our meetings have increased in attendance and interest. We have plenty to do. Spare time is taken up in visiting

the hospital, and the prison, where now and again I meet a sailor,—and the Alms-house, where I found four old seamen and a number of seamen's widows.” He is distributing a goodly number of Bibles and Testaments among sailors, and also transmits to us an account taken from one of the city papers, of a religious meeting for seamen and others, which he recently held at the house of a notorious colored woman known as “The Queen.”

Alabama.

MOBILE.

Mr. J. D. MOONY, who is recommended as eminently qualified for it, has undertaken missionary work among seamen in this port. The lamented MCGLASHAN once labored here very successfully, and the Bethel under his administration accomplished great good. We hope for a return of those days.

Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE.

“At the opening of the season of navigation last spring (1884), our superintendent was given his whole time for outside work, and a manager was installed in the Home who has succeeded in carrying on the same as successfully, from a financial view at least, as ever in its history. Not only has our superintendent visited the vessels systematically; given out to sailors over *fifty thousand* pages of tracts, in English, German and Swedish; given thousands of invitations to a better life, to attend gospel meetings, to cease drink, etc., etc., and carried on two gospel meetings for sailors weekly,—but, with the assistance of a score of Christian workers from different churches, there has also been developed one of the broadest mission works of the city.”—*Bethel Tidings*.

Loan Library Work.

The interest of the following items is diverse, but it is real. We head the first one,—

WASHED ASHORE.

Capt. WARREN of the schr. *H. W. Laws* writes from Milford, Del., Feb. 6th, '85, as follows:—

"While I and a man of my crew were walking down the beach this day, we came across one of your library boxes, No. 5,783.* We picked it up, carried it to the vessel and opened it,—thinking to find out what vessel had taken it. Not finding that, I thought I would let you know about it. The box looks as if it had been in the water quite a considerable time for the books are all sodden with water and sand. It contains twenty-nine books and a few small ones, with some tracts. I hope you will send us what information you can as quickly as possible, as we are expecting to go to sea as soon as the weather permits, it is very bad."

GRATEFUL.

From Buenos Ayres, S. A., Dec. 18th, 1884, Capt. EDGAR ORR, of the American barkentine *Louise Adelaide*, writes:—

"I had one of your Loan Libraries (No. 7,834,†) put on board, before leaving Portland, Me., this voyage. The books have been well read by the ship's company. Receive our thanks. Enclosed find \$2 for two years' subscription to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and \$1 for the benefit of the Society."

SPECIAL DONATION.

A Massachusetts pastor sent us \$20 in January last, for Loan Library No. 8,200, to go from this port, upon the new ship *Florence*, Capt. F. C. Duncan, bound for San Francisco. It was contributed by his Sabbath-School,‡ and a part of the gift of \$20 was \$1.50 from F. and G. Cook, boys four and six years old, \$2 from I. and W. ANNABLE, boys aged four and six, and \$2 from L. SMITH, a girl of eight years,—all this money earned by "planting seeds, selling what came up, and

keeping hens." The pictures of these boys were placed upon the inside of the library case door, and the facts were sent with the pictures that the books "may help to touch some sailor's heart who has such little ones at home."

FOR A LIFE SAVING STATION.

Two little girls in a New Jersey "manse," who have just sent us \$20, with request that a library be specially placed by us, will be interested, as will other readers, by the letter acknowledging its receipt:—

BAY HEAD U. S. L. S. STATION,
POINT PLEASANT, N. J., Feb. 7th, 1885.

"We have received loan library No. 8,205, donated to us through you, for which we return many thanks to the givers. We have a new Station at Bay Head, and will have a good place to keep the books. We will be pleased to have the donors come and visit the Station when at Bay Head. With many thanks for their kindness and well wishes to them, we remain,

Theirs truly,

DAVID FLEMING, *Keeper,*
For the Crew of Bay Head Station."

Sailor's Snug Harbor.

STAPLETON, S. I.

Chaplain C. J. JONES reports that during the year 1884, seventy-eight inmates died. Of these sixty-four were professedly Protestants, and fourteen Catholics. Forty-one died in the hope of a happy immortality, of whom eighteen were hopefully converted after their admission to the Institution, and under his ministry. Their nationalities are recorded as follows, viz.: United States, thirty-four; England, thirteen; Ireland, seven; Scotland, four; Germany, four; Wales, France, Norway, Sweden, Nova Scotia and the West Indies, two each, and Brazil, Belgium, Finland and Fayal (Azores), one each. The sum of their ages was 5,157 years, giving an average of 66 years 1 month and 11½ days. Five were over 80; between 70 and 80, twenty-three; between 60 and 70, twenty-

* Contributed, in 1876, by S. S. 1st Pres. Ch., Easton, Pa., and coming to this fate, after it had been reshipped three times, and by its four shipments had been available to more than 40 seamen.

† Contributed by Union Cong. church, Providence, R. I., in March, '83.

‡ S. S. Cong. Ch., Mittineaque, (West Springfield,) Mass.

eight; between 50 and 60, sixteen; between 40 and 50, five; and under 40, only one.

This is the list :—

January 3rd, James Gibbons, 54 years, Ireland; Jan. 7th, Charles Parker, 43, England; Jan. 10th, Edward Hughes (colored), 67, West Indies; Jan. 11th, George Fisk, 51, England; Jan. 25th, James Pugh, 67, Wales; Jan. 29th, Leonard D. Shaw, 79, Maine; Jan. 30th, George Taylor, 72, England; Feb. 5th, Rufus K. Terry, 70, New York; Feb. 12th, William W. Jarvis, 79, New York; Feb. 13th, William H. Phillips, 62, New York; Feb. 13th, Samuel Churchill, 82, England; Feb. 18th, John Duffy, 75, Virginia; Feb. 20th, George Pearsall, 56, New York; March 2nd, John Slice, 71, Penn.; March 8th, Henry Smith, 65, Conn.; March 21st, Robert Campbell, 59, Ireland; March 23rd, William Lambert, 71, Ireland; March 24th, F. A. Bergman, 88, Sweden; March 31st, Andrew F. Smith, 83, Norway; April 1st, Henry Babcock, 77, England; April 5th, Matthew Neal, 66, England; April 8th, John Wright, 50, England; April 12th, John Clark (colored), 60, Delaware; April 18th, John F. Haynill, 67, Maryland; April 30th, Stephen Britton, 71, New York; May 3rd, Matthew Riddy, 71, Nova Scotia; May 6th, Leon Boetille, 47, France; May 9th, Thomas Hayes, 77, New York; May 11th, Thomas J. W. Grew, 51, Massachusetts; May 21st, Jesse Mott, 83, New York; May 22nd, Charles Davidson, 68, Norway; May 23rd, Rich. Milroy, 59, Scotland; May 26th, Charles Harrison, 64, Prussia; May 29th, John Martin, 68, Ireland; June 2nd, C. F. M. Kenny, 59, Maine; June 2nd, John Schmidt, 69, Penn.; June 5th, Michael Cadde, 79, Nova Scotia; June 16th, Jos. Harris, 69, Maryland; June 17th, John G. Smith, 67, Maine; June 27th, John P. Todd, 67, Maine; June 28th, John A. Thomas, 76, Wales; July 4th, Abraham Fowler, 69, Conn.; July 7th, Chas. Schultz, 75, Germany; July 14th, Andrew Lind, 53, Finland; July 15th, Ambrose Mayo, 78, Maine; July 19th, Charles Brant, 72, Sweden; July 20th, Daniel Roberts, 62, England; July 26th, Thomas Welsh, 67, England; July 28th, John Brown (colored), 76, Philadelphia; July 31st, James Mutch, 68, Scotland; August 6th, Rufino De Silva, 47, Brazil; August 12th, Joseph King, 47, Belgium; August 13th, James Seal, 69, N. Y. City; August 19th, Frederick Baker, 58, Germany; August 21st, Thomas O'Connor, 61, Ireland; August 25th, Henry T. Ellmes, 63, Maine; August 29th, William Unthauk, 84, Ireland; September 5th, Joseph Mario, 66, Fayal, Western Isles; Sept. 6th, J. N. Evans, 67, N. Y. City; Sept. 12th, Peter Nolan, 60, Ireland; October 19th, John Robertson, 72, Scotland; October 20th, William Holloway, 53, England; October 24th, John A. Brown, 68, Prussia; October

31st, Theodore Borgfeldt, 49, Texas; November 9th, Edward Beverley, 68, England; Nov. 9th, William Jenkins, 51, Massachusetts; Nov. 9th, Louis S. Overton, 58, New York; Nov. 10th, Abraham Simmons, 63, Maine; Nov. 12th, William Jones, 50, New York; Nov. 19th, Henry Pain, 76, England; Nov. 21st, Benjamin Potter, 36, St. Croix, W. I.; Nov. 22nd, Alexander Robinson, 75, Maine; Nov. 23rd, Daniel Chase, 78, Philadelphia; December 1st, Joseph Fosbury, 51, England; Dec. 5th, Stephen Wentworth, 77, New Hampshire; December 6th, Thomas Stokes, 57, New York; Dec. 12th, Ledyard Calvert, 77, Conn.; Dec. 18th, Lawrence Myers, 65, France.

The Honolulu, H. I., Friend,

Brought to the especial notice of the MAGAZINE's readers, by Rev. Dr. DAMON's "valedictory," and the brief salutatory of its new proprietors and editors, which we have printed on pp. 80-82, has exerted, we make no question, all the influence therein claimed for it, and, indeed, yet more. Its monthly visits are always welcome and profitable to us,—its tone and execution of the highest. Messrs. CRUZAN and OGGEI propose to make it a twelve page paper, (enlarged from eight pages), to issue it on the first of each month, and to conduct it as a family religious newspaper, devoted to general mission work, the Chinese work, temperance, the Sunday school work, education, literature and general culture, and public questions, with special departments for *The Seamen*, *The Hawaiian Board*, and the Honolulu *Y. M. C. A.*, Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON will have charge of that for *Seamen*.

For A Faithful Missionary.

English papers, published in Kent Co., contain full reports of recent presentation made to Mr. WILLIAM WHITMORE, of Ramsgate, Eng., on the completion of his twenty-fifth year of continuous service as missionary to seamen at that port. At a crowded meeting Rev. J. E. BRENNAN, Vicar, handed him a purse, with £70, 11s., as a recognition of the value and appreciation of his work. Thirty

Smack Boys of the Ramsgate Home also sent to him a letter accompanied by an inkstand mounted on the model of a boat with a pen and pencil in the shape of oars. Last of all came a book containing the names of the subscribers to the testimonial fund, every one of whom, Mr. Brennan said, wished Mr. Whitmore every possible happiness, both here and hereafter.

In his acknowledgment of the gifts, Mr. Whitmore read some statistics concerning his 25 years' work, and said that 43,096 visits had been made to ships; 185 meetings held on board ship, attended by at least 8,126 seamen, &c.; 7,037 services of a religious character had been held in the Sailors' Church and old Bethel, attended by 328,742 persons; visits had been made to the sick and dying; 24,037 visits to families of seamen; Sailors' Home, 2,685; he had sold and given to sailors, in eleven different languages, 4,855 Bibles and Testaments; also, 10,136 gospels and portions of the Word of God; 327,625 tracts had been distributed; of various publications, 57,506; *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Review*, 8,063; little books, 15,458; prayer cards, &c., 8,063; sailor's hymn books sold, 432; hymn books given away, 200; sailor's book bags, put on board ships, 749; and about 60 floating libraries.

London (Eng.) Missions to Seamen.

This noble Society of the Established Church has for several years been progressing in efficiency. By the address of the Archbishop of York at its last anniversary, we see that for the twelvemonth previous, its gross income was £23,000, and that the available income was £18,665. "What was the income," he asked, "in 1856? It was but £2,848. What was it in 1861? It was £5,647. You have heard what it is now, and in this way it has gone on in a progressive ratio with its income enlarging."

The Rev. JAMES BURRITT, M.A., Superintendent of the Society's Missions said at the same anniversary:—

"The roadstead was our original and, by our third fundamental rule, must always be our primary sphere of work; and I am satisfied that any one who has even once spent a day afloat with one of our roadstead chaplains must feel that this ought so to be. There may be, and often are, difficulty, exposure, and danger in reaching and boarding ships in outer roadsteads, but when we get on board we find such opportunities for assembling the captain and crews (in their own ships) for united worship and the preaching of Christ, and for dealing quietly and directly with them individually as, I believe, can be found no where else in the whole world. The men are all on board and usually disengaged and willing to receive us, and there are no public-houses, and no landsharks to tempt and distract them from us.

"Not only English seamen, but foreign seamen of all maritime nations receive us favorably when we thus visit them in the roadstead. They listen to our teaching when we can speak their languages, they thankfully receive tracts and scripture portions from us in their native tongues, and they prove their sincerity by purchasing from us Bibles and Testaments in some twenty-three languages, and the Prayer Book in seven languages, to read on board ship and to carry to their distant homes. It is true that they soon sail away from us, but they carry with them the words of eternal life, which through the power of the Holy Ghost can make them wise unto salvation. *It is a characteristic of godly seamen that they become special students of the pure Word of God, as distinguished from all other religious books, and hence their religion has a simplicity, a reality, a force, a fervor, and a freshness too often lacking in many religious shore-folk.* Four hundred and thirty-seven godly masters and mates of merchant vessels have been induced to enrol themselves as Missions to Seamen (volunteer) Helpers, and to hold services and Bible classes at sea, and otherwise to recognize and discharge their Christian responsibilities to their crews. Who can estimate the blessing which these captains and officers bring to their crews, and the blessing which they and their crews bring to other people when they conduct themselves soberly, righteously, and godly, in seaport towns at home and abroad?"

Captain and Sailor Lost.

The ship *Big Bonanza* arrived from Calcutta January 26th, under the command of Chief Officer ANDREWS, who reported that Capt. JAMES H. STANLEY fell overboard and was lost Nov. 29th, '84, in latitude 33° 46' south and longitude 29° 25' east. Capt. Stanley came on deck shortly before daylight Nov. 29th. The vessel just then was struck by a squall and gave a heavy lurch to port. The captain fell overboard and disappeared before the vessel could be put about. He was 50 years old and a native of Newburyport, where he leaves a widow. GEORGE WARD, of No. 43 South-street, agent of the *Big Bonanza*, speaks in the highest terms of the lost captain. Oct. 14th, '84, a seaman named WILLIAM NELSON fell overboard from the same vessel, and was lost. Nelson was last seen in the starboard main rigging. —*N. Y. Times.*

Reading a Good Book Secures \$75,000 to Missions.

Miss GORDON CUMMING, writing to the Honolulu, H. I., *Friend*, says:—"I heard pleasant news recently, namely, that a rich Mr. Wells died last year, and left £15,000 to the London Mission, as the result of reading 'At Home in Fiji.'"

Sea Perils.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a recent speech in the English Parliament, stated that in 12 years 36,000 English seamen were lost, that 1 seaman out of 72 is drowned annually, and that taking the average service at 24 years, one seaman out of every three must expect to meet that fate.

A New Appointment.

Commodore and Commandant RALPH CHANDLER, U.S.N., gracefully accepts his recent election as one of the Honorary Vice-Presidents of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JANUARY, 1885.

Total arrivals..... 111
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$2,023
of which \$1,320 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$420 were returned to boarders.

Planets for March, 1885.

MERCURY is an evening star until 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th when it is in superior conjunction with the Sun, and during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with Mars at 9 o'clock on the forenoon of the 7th, being 1° 3' south; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 16th at 8h. 14m., being 1° 37' south.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 6h. 3m., and south of east 19° 4'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 15th at 1h. 54m., being 3° 32' south.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 6h. 35m., and south of east 13° 26'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 16th at 1h. 2m., being 2° 34' south; is in conjunction with Venus at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 27th, being 36' north.

JUPITER is due south on the evening of the 1st at 11h. 28m., being at this time 12° 51' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 27th at 10h. 9m., being 4° 40' north.

SATURN on the evening of the 1st is due south at 6h. 26m., being 21° 38' north of the equator; is in quadrature with the Sun at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th, and during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 22nd at 10h. 40m., being 3° 56' north.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for January, 1885.

MAINE.

Castine, Bequest of Mrs. Lucy S. Adams, late of Castine, Me., per Rev. Geo. M. Adams, ex'r.....	\$400 00
Portland, Edgar Orr, of barkentine <i>Louise Adelaide</i> , of Portland, Me.	1 00
Winthrop, Mrs. Julia A. Packard for lib'y in her name, \$20; and \$150 to const. George O. Packard, Mrs. Ada Frances Packard, H. W. Packard, Mrs. Mary J. Packard, and Mrs. Julia A. Packard, L. M's	170 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, South Cong. church.....	11 45
Dalton, Mrs. Nancy K. Stone.....	2 00
Mt. Vernon, Cong. church.....	3 00
New Britain, Pres. church.....	1 00
Pelham, Cong. church.....	23 00

VERMONT.

Bennington, 2nd Cong. church, in full to const. J. H. Loring, Mrs. Jane Read, and Miss Allie Clark, L. M's	7 10
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, North Cong. church, Mrs. Leander Dickinson and Mrs. Minnie G. Sairs.....	60 00
Beverly, Dane St. church and Soc'y, of wh. \$30 to const. Henry Woodbury, L. M.....	56 33
Cambridgeport, Prospect St. church.	61 65

Cotuit, Union church.....	14 25	Mrs. Mary C. Bemis, for lib'y.....	20 00
Curtisville, Cong. church and Soc'y..	9 00	2nd Ch. of Christ, special gift in col- lection.....	1 00
Dalton, Mrs. James B. Crane.....	100 00	Litchfield, 1st Cong. ch.....	31 22
Dedham, Mrs. E. B. Burgess for lib'y in memoriam W. B. Burgess.....	20 00	Milford, Plymouth church.....	32 60
Framingham, Plymouth church and Soc'y.....	3 00	New Haven, Lyman Osborne.....	5 00
Gloucester, Evan. church and Soc'y..	31 00	Norwalk, 1st Cong. ch. and Soc'y....	59 43
Granby, Mrs. R. Moody's S. S. class for lib'y.....	20 00	Norwich, 2nd Cong. church.....	92 75
Great Barrington, 1st Cong. church and Soc'y.....	36 56	Pomfret, Cong. church.....	5 00
Holbrook, Anna E. Holbrook for lib'y	20 00	Salisbury, Cong. church.....	3 10
Lowell, Kirk St. church, of wh. \$20 for lib'y.....	110 00	South Britain, Cong.....	24 16
Mansfield, Orthodox church.....	6 83	Southport, Elbert B. Monroe, for two lib's in memoriam F. Marquand Monroe.....	40 00
Marblehead, Cong. church, to const. Collin McEachran, L. M.....	30 00	Thomaston, Cong. church.....	20 70
Marion, Cong. church.....	6 62	Wallingford, 1st Cong. church.....	10 17
Medford, 1st Cong. church S. S. for lib'y, \$20.....	24 28	Waterbury, Sunshine Circle of 2nd Cong. ch., by Mrs. Charles Ben- edict, for library.....	20 00
McCollom Mission Circle for lib'y..	20 00	Eben Hoadley.....	1 00
Milbury, Mrs. F. K. Hodgman.....	2 00	Westford, Cong. church.....	4 00
1st Cong. church and Soc'y.....	11 70	Wolcott, Cong. church.....	2 40
Milford, Cong. church.....	12 72	Woodbury, Mrs. E. L. Curtiss.....	10 00
Mittineaque, Cong. church.....	16 76	NEW YORK.	
Natick, Cong. church and Soc'y.....	15 00	Brooklyn, Mrs. Lucretia G. Hustace, for lib'y in memory of her son Richard Hustace.....	20 00
Newton, Elliot church.....	10 00	Nathan Stephens, for library.....	20 00
Oxford, 1st Cong. church S. S. for lib'y	20 34	Cazenovia, 1st Pres. church.....	30 00
Pittsfield, 1st Cong. church.....	36 36	East Hampton, Joseph S. Osborne..	2 50
James H. Dunham.....	56 00	Harlem, S. S. Dutch Ref. ch., for lib'y	20 00
Plymouth, C. W. Perkins.....	2 00	Newtonville, Margaret and Mary F. Cushman, each, \$2.50.....	5 00
Quincy, Cong. church and Soc'y.....	14 40	New York City, received bequest of Wm. E. Dodge, deceased, late of New York City, per Melissa P. Dodge, Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., and D. Stuart Dodge, Ex's.....	5,272 87
Randolph, New Year's offering, in memoriam for the Anne Kimball Johnson library.....	20 00	S. T. Gordon.....	50 00
Raynham, Cong. church.....	8 12	M. K. Jesup.....	50 00
Rockland, Cong. church and Soc'y....	6 70	Miss M. E. G.....	25 00
Sharon, Cong. church.....	10 00	William Mathews.....	25 00
Springfield, 1st Church.....	17 06	The Missionary Soc'y of the Ch. of the Strangers.....	20 00
South Attleboro, 1st church.....	1 14	The Intermediate class of the Beth- any S. S., for library.....	20 00
South church.....	34 23	J. S. Holt.....	10 00
Olivet church.....	21 55	Mrs. D. S. Miller.....	10 00
Stockbridge, Cong. church.....	59 00	D. H.....	10 00
Wakefield, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	10 73	J. R. Fisher.....	5 00
Webster, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	12 00	Dr. W. C. Bennett.....	5 00
Wellesley Hills, Cong. church.....	2 00	Miss Frances R. Shaw.....	5 00
West Medway, Cong. church.....	3 14	George F. Thompson.....	3 00
West Newbury, J. E. Ridgway.....	1 00	Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Julia P. Wickes..	10 00
Westport, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	5 00	Southampton, a friend of the sailor, for library.....	20 00
West Springfield, Mittineaque Cong. church S. S., for library.....	20 00	Staten Island, Rev. Dr. Francis M. Kip, for two lib's in memoriam Mrs. Phebe E. Bowne, of Fishkill, N. Y., and Mrs. Jane S. Bentley, of Brooklyn, N. Y.....	40 00
Worcester, Piedmont ch. and Soc'y..	34 29	Washington Heights, Mrs. Geo. B. Griñnell, for libraries.....	100 00
Plymouth church, a friend.....	2 00	NEW JERSEY.	
Yarmouth, Cong. ch. and Soc'y.....	30 00	Blairstown, C. E. Vail, for lib'y.....	20 00
RHODE ISLAND.		Newark, 1st Pres. church.....	72 00
Newport, Mrs. A. Ludlow Case, for library.....	20 00	Princeton, Prof. Geo. Macloskie.....	2 00
Pawtucket, Con. ch., of wh. for lib's \$10.....	125 82	MINNESOTA.	
Central Falls church.....	40 00	Albert Lea, Mrs. Mary W. Jones, a dying gift for a lib'y, to be called the "M. W. Jones lib'y,".....	20 00
Providence, Union Cong. church.....	40 00	St. Paul, a class of boys in S. S. of Plymouth Cong. ch., for lib'y, per A. C. Anderson, teacher.....	20 00
CONNECTICUT.		\$8,742 33	
Ansonia, Mrs. A. C. Chamberlin, for a library to be called the "A. W. Allen library,".....	20 00	Newtonville, N. Y., two sailor bags from Margaret and Mary F. Cushman.	
Bethel, Cong. church.....	6 24		
Branford, Cong. church.....	2 27		
Bristol, Bristol Cong. S. S., for lib'y..	20 00		
Canton Centre, 1st Cong. church and Society.....	6 65		
Danbury, 1st Cong. ch., of wh. \$90 to const. John Tweedy, Sarah W. Bacon, and Hattie Averill, L. M's.	100 00		
Farmington, Cong. church.....	38 27		
Greenville, Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. for library, \$20.....	42 20		
Green's Farms, Cong. ch. and Soc'y..	9 41		
Hartford, Asylum Hill Cong. ch.....	238 66		



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

For the Life Boat.
A Stow-Away.

I belong to a class known to the seaport press, and the reputation of many of the class is unfortunately not of the brightest. But let not my readers judge too soon. Only wait, at least, until the short and knotted line of my life runs off the reel.

My mother, (God bless her memory, and keep it fresh as a rose to me!) she was frail and fair, tender and beautiful. The rose on her cheek was my daily admiration, I thought it would never grow pale; but it soon, to my deep sorrow, proved the hectic flush which heralded her decay. Soon she passed away, and I and my brother were taken care of by a kind person who visited us during my mother's illness. The only star above the horizon now was, "When father comes home;" and home he did come,—his bounding heart traveling faster than the fleet winds which bore him across the main. He was a plain man, with little or no education. Some good principles, however, lay at the foundation of his character, as I am able now dimly to discern as I look back at our short but precious interviews.

Home he did come; but was it home any more when the mother of his boys,

the joy of his heart, was absent from the earth? He was "a man before the mast;" and after meeting a few claims upon him, he made the best arrangement he could for the support of his children, and soon took another voyage. The kind person who visited my mother in her illness took charge of us, and my father felt great comfort in having found a friend and home for his boys. He sailed, leaving his half-pay for our support. But home he did not come, any more. News came that he had died in a foreign hospital, not without a good hope that he would soon join his beloved wife, where roses always bloom in the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

And now my course was full of peril;—sand-banks here,—rocks there,—bad pilotage, false lights, an uncertain chart. Need I say that these sad surroundings brought on some disasters? They did. But all was not dark. The Sunday School, the Bethel prayer-meeting, the tract from the hand of the missionary helped, I know not how much, to give light and cheer to my young heart.

My first regular employment was in a sail-loft. I was engaged to tar twine,—my wages, three shillings a week. Some-

times I had to go on board ship and help to bring ashore the sails which needed repairs. To my mind a ship had a wonderful attraction, and the desire to go to sea grew stronger and stronger as days rolled on. One day I was sent on board a large vessel with a message to the chief mate. Our conversation was to the point. I ventured the inquiry whether any boys were wanted, and was immediately told in rather a severe tone, that the owners never allowed any boys on board, but for his own part he liked a boy or two on a ship. I paid more than one visit to this ship, as she took in her cargo and got ready for sea. After working hours I used to go alongside, and get into talk with the ship-keeper, an old sailor. He told me many yarns about the sea, but when I expressed a desire to go to sea he immediately talked of a stock of clothes, and a friend to speak to the master in order to get a berth. He said, further, that boys had sometimes invited themselves on board ship and had not been thrown overboard after they came on deck. Was this historical, or was it historical and suggestive as well? That night I did not sleep much in my dreary lodgings.

The day before the vessel left her berth it blew a strong breeze, and a warp which had been coiled away down the fore-hatchway had to be got out as an extra mooring; this occurrence left the hatch partly open all night. The next morning she was to sail. I paid my accustomed respects to the ship-keeper in the evening. An unexpected gift,—a shilling from a gentleman for whom I carried a parcel in the dinner-hour,—provided my only outfit for that long voyage, and this was spent in food. I said good night to the watchman, made as though I was going as usual, turned the corner of some bales, slipped quietly on board, and down the hatchway, creeping over fenders, kedge anchors and other stowage; a truly rough and dark and lonely beginning to a “life on the ocean wave.” I found some sails

and lay down, but did not sleep for some time.

At four the next morning all was astir; the ship unmoored, the steam-tug was in readiness, and soon I found, by the motion of the vessel, that we were out of dock and had commenced our voyage. By the steady rush of water past the sides of the ship I knew we were steadily making headway, the tug doing good service in taking us well out to sea.

In the darkness of the hold I dozed and dreamed; at last an unusual stir, an increase of light, and forms and voices coming near. The ship had “taken her departure,” that is, was now out of sight of land. A fair wind was blowing and orders had just been given to get up studdingsail gear. While some went aloft to do their part, two men came down the fore-hatchway to find the sail, but their first discovery was a stow-away, and not a studdingsail. Need I say that the setting of the sail was suspended, and that a poor friendless boy was the one theme of attention and inquiry?—an addition to the floating family entirely unexpected,—an only boy in a ship’s crew of men. My presence was soon reported to the master; and my first trip was to the quarter-deck, where I demurely answered what questions I could; some I could not answer, such as “What right had I to come on board?” “What was the master to do with me now?” But some I did answer with the straightness of a sun-beam:—“I had tarred twine in a sail-loft; my father was a sailor and had died in a foreign hospital; my mother had died before that; my brother was in the Marine School at Dublin, as a sailor’s orphan.”

“A good many o’ them sort, I’m afraid,” interposed the cook, who claimed a right to speak on the ground of being an old shipmate of the master’s. He came aft to see me, but not before he had put some scraps together in a tin pot to give me, the first mess of rich hash I ever tasted. He was a kind man and took to

me at once. He was liked by all the crew. Sometimes they called him cook, but more frequently 'Doctor.' The galley was sometimes called his dispensary, and sometimes his restaurant, which was interpreted by one of the crew, who knew a few French derivations, to mean the place of restoration. What the verdict was in this my first court-martial I cannot now repeat. The master was "stand off," and stern. The mate, I remembered what he had said to me, that he liked a boy on board, and now he looked it. But we were soon dismissed by the finding of the presiding officer:—"Well, we shall see." Immediately after this utterance came the words,—“Bear a hand with that studdingsail gear; it will be ‘seven bells’ before we get the sail set.” So, being let go, we went every man to his work, and my first quarters were the place restoration. Every one was kind, and not one failed to give or make me something in the way of clothing. I learned to be handy, was very attentive to the cook and soon earned the title of “dispensary clerk.” I was blessed with a willing heart and a civil tongue, prime qualities on shipboard both for boy and man.

Many passages in my life I could record, but they would scarcely come under the heading of a stow-away. Truly I left the port well entitled to the name; but I arrived at the port of destination, not a stow-away, but a sailor boy, who took his regular turn ashore, dressed in white duck, and on a Sunday went to church with the second mate.

The transition from boy to man, from man to officer, from sailingship to steamship, has been easy and profitable. Memories of the past have been revived of late by the duty being assigned me, as an officer of an Atlantic steamer, to search for stow-aways. The ship had been delayed by an adverse gale, which gave time to search for unpaid passengers. We discovered three lads. I conducted them on shore; but time did not admit

of my going to the magistrate's office to appear against them. Like Joseph to his brethren I “spoke roughly,” but kindness was in my heart, and I was not without hope that “Providence would take them too,” and that in time they might be able, in their own persons, to prove that out of unlikely and unpromising materials could come a useful and honorable life.

FORE-TOP.

A Child's Prayer.

BY E. M. CHAPMAN.

Father, keep thy little one
Safe this night.
Through dark hours, until the sun
Brings us light.

While the earth is fast asleep,
All at rest,
Thine Almighty eye doth keep
Vigil blest.

And thine arm is strong to save;
We need fear
Neither darkness, storm, nor wave;
Thou art near.

In the morning may I wake
Fresh and strong,
Find new things to undertake
All day long!

In the rugged path of life
Guide thou me,
Bring me through its toil and strife
Safe to thee.

S. S. Times.

What are your Orders?

Some boys asked a young lad to join them in doing wrong, he said,—“No, I can't go with you; I've positive orders not to go.” They said,—“Nonsense; what are your orders?” He had got a card from his mother, and when she gave it to him she explained the meaning. He had the card in his pocket, and taking it out, he read the words printed on it,—“*Enter not into the path of the wicked. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.*”

He was saved from the sin; and so can we be, by courage, prayer, and the Bible.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1884, was 8,044; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,533; the total shipments aggregating 16,577. The number of volumes in these libraries was 432,098, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 308,935 men. Nine hundred and forty-seven libraries, with 34,092 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,243 men.—One hundred and ten libraries were placed in one hundred and ten Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,960 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and seventy Keepers and surfmen.

During January, 1885, forty-seven loan libraries, twenty-four new and twenty-three reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,182 and 8,190-8,204, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,970-7,973, inclusive, with Nos. 7,975, 7,977, 7,978, and 7,982, at Boston.

The twenty-three libraries reshipped were:—

No. 4,859; No. 6,348; No. 6,899; No. 7,081; No. 7,456; No. 7,706; No. 7,770; No. 7,861;
 " 5,201; " 6,739; " 7,039; " 7,143; " 7,489; " 7,716; " 7,800; " 8,003.
 " 5,350; " 6,892; " 7,047; " 7,378; " 7,682; " 7,743; " 7,817;

The First Message.

The first telegraphic message ever sent from Washington to Baltimore was dictated by Miss Annie G. Ellsworth, now Mrs. Roswell Smith of New York, and it came about in this way. Prof. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, had obtained a grant of \$30,000 from Congress to construct a line between the two cities. The bill passed the House, but the session drew to a close without any prospect of getting it through the Senate, and Morse withdrew in despair. Early the next morning Miss Ellsworth, a daughter of the Patent Commissioner, called to bring her own and her father's congratulations. "For what?" asked Morse, in surprise. "For the passage of your bill at a late hour last night." Overwhelmed with joy, the great inventor exclaimed,—“Annie, the very first message over my wires shall be yours!” The promise was fulfilled, and the message was in these four noble words,—“*What hath God wrought!*” The same was sent by Queen Victoria on the completion of the first ocean cable.

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

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THE LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1838. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, *upon application*, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give *annual* notices of their desire for its continuance.

Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " " "	Capt. E. S. Lippincott.
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. " " " "	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society...	Mrs. S. C. Clarke.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	Daniel Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored).....	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House ..	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St ...	Seamen's Aid Society.....	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H.G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....	" " " "	Miss Ellen Brown.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	R. S. Stubbs.

Mariners' Churches.

Location.	Sustained by	Ministers.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison..	New York Port Society...	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society...	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 365 West Street, N. E.....	" " " "	" T. A. Hyland.
Open Air Service, Coenties Slip..	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street	Baptist	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets..	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard...	Am. Sea. Friend Society...	" E. N. Crane.
Van Brunt, near President St....	" " " "	" E. O. Bates.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	(Supplied.)
Cor. Hanover and Fleet Streets..	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Pierce.
Salem St. (No. 171) Bethel.....	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" S. S. Nickerson.
East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	" L. B. Bates.
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St..	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society..	" J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA, C. Front & Union Sts.	Presbyterian.....	" J. V. W. Schenck.
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" W. B. Erben.
Front Street, above Navy Yard..	Baptist.....	" "
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.	" " " "	" E. N. Harris.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts.	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" Chas. McElfresh.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore S. B.....	" R. R. Murphy.
NORFOLK.....	American & Norfolk Sea. } Friend Societies.	" J. B. Merritt.
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CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	Rev. C. E. Chichester.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " "	" Richard Webb.
MOBILE, Church Street near Water...	" " " "	" "
NEW ORLEANS, La.....	Independent.....	" L. H. Pease.
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" " " "	Chaplain Sailors' Home....	" E. A. Ludwick.
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AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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76 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to save their souls.
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, CHILI, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLES, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A.,—and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and endeavor to supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* and *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the *LIFE BOAT*, for the use of Sabbath-Schools.

3.—The provision of LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1884, is 8,044. Calculating 8,533 reshipments, their 432,098 volumes have been accessible to more than 308,935 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of *SAILORS' HOMES*, *READING ROOMS*, *SAVINGS' BANKS*, the distribution of *BIBLES*, *TRACTS*, &c. The *SAILORS' HOME*, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any *SAILORS' HOME* in the world. It has accommodated 100,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are constantly provided for at the *HOME*. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious and Temperance meetings are held daily.